#### Yellow Sweet Clover

y Virginia Leila Wentz

think if you'd take a run home, dear, for a few weeks it would be all right with the governor, and you'd get your roses back." Jim gave his little wife a gentle pinch on her pale cheeks. Fire years ago, when he had married her she had possessed something of the twanescent charm of a four petaled dog rose, exquisite, ethereal, but the kind to fall in a moment. Jim belonged to "the profession," and Madge always accompanied him upon tours, undergoing cheerfully the hardships that "He's pretty nigh Brother Hi's age," a player of "one night stands" must said Farmer Gray finally. "Leastwise endure in the interest of art. Matters he was born the same year-mebbe not

ble impression." And now, although five years had gone by, they were still waiting for that distinct success. That it had not come-they were merely human-they ascribed of course to a lack of opportunity. Meanwhile Madge's health was beginning to Yail. She was fretting for the country. So when Jim insisted (because she was yearning for her father's forgiveness, because she did want her "roses" back) for the first time since she had left it she set out

for her childhood's home. After she had got out at the little country station unhersided she wound er way up the eld farm road. Nothag seemed to have changed. She ard the cows lowing far off; she insaled the loamy incense of her anestral land. It was so sweet that it sined her. The dear, familiar farmbuse came in sight, and her eyes grew listy. She opened the gate which led to the yard path, bordered by illacs hollyhocks. There, pulling up ne weeds from underneath the illacs, e came face to face with her father. at first he could find no words to say. He only glared at her through his spectacles. Then:

"Where is he-that scoundrel, that vagabond, that"--

"My husband," corrected Madge, drawing back with a touch of dainty

"Then," thundered the old farmer, flinging down his trowel in a rage, "go back to him-go back to your husband!" . The veins in his neck were swollen like cords. That he did not fall with a stroke of apoplexy was a miracle indeed.

So Madge passed out of the gate of her father's home once more. When ager. Almost directly in front of a she reached New York, Jim had just been taken to the hospital. At first she was conscious only of one thing. Jim was ill, terribly ill, and calling for ater's entrance, timid and self distrusther. Later the doctor's sentences returned to her. There had been an accident-injury to the spine-never walk

again-a cripple for life. Why, ah, why, had she ever left her beloved? When, at the beginning of the next season, it was time to go "on the road" again Madge had to start with a variety company alone. But while she was doing an ecceptric dance in a crimson ballet skirt her whole heart and soul were with a man suffering in a stuffy,

top room in Eighth street. Something like six weeks after its departure from New York the variety company "collapsed" in Ohio. Madge was obliged to return east and seek another engagement. Each evening when she had come back from her weary tour of the theatrical agencies the question would come anxiously almost before she had closed the door.

"Anything today, Madge darling?" And always the answer would come with a brave smile as she shook her head in the negative:
"You see, this is the bad part of the season. And the profession is really

overcrowded." Meanwhile medicine was requiring

cash and the landlady was insisting on having her weekly increasing lodging bill paid. As Madge entered the room one even-

ing, bracing her heart to meet the customary question, she heard new, cheery words instead:

"Come over here, little woman. I've

something to show you." had a bright flush on each cheek, and his eyes were like stars. He held toward her a bundle of manuscript. It was a play he'd been writing unknown to his wife or doctor. It was constructed from incidents of his own life. Madge and he were the leading characters. In the last act they both made tremendous "hits" and were "discovered." Wealth poured in upon the long disappointed artists, and they were able to leave poverty behind them.

"When we sell the play, what shall we do with all our money, dear?" she asked, smiling through her wars as at last she finished reading the prized manuscript. He turned wearily.

"Ah, we'll move into the country, fresh and green. We'll buy a little home with trailing vines so we can hear the birds sing." She made the rounds with the play,

as many plays have made the rounds before-and no one wanted it. But just as she had kept Jim's hopes alive regarding her own possible theatrical engagement, so now she treated the disposition of his manuscript,

One manager-a round, French abbe of a man, with sleek, soft, fat hands, who had promised to give her beloved play a reading-laid one of these same hands upon Madge's arm one day. "That manuscript you brought the other day fell off my desk into the

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wastebasket, and the boy burned it with the waste paper. I'm sorry, but the truth is, dear girl, it never would have done in the world-never! It was amateurish. It had no action. It was defective all through. Tell him to try again," He wished the woman would not stare at him in that bewildered, helpless way. He wasn't a ghost.

"Come, now. Don't look so white. I'll take you out to lunch, and then we'll call it square, won't we?" But she did not hear him. She had already started for home. Home? Before her Jim, wasted and expectant; behind her blank fallure!

Old Farmer Gray and his elder sistor were having some sort of discussion over the rightful age of a man whose death was published among the country hewspaper notices. The paper stated it incorrectly, they were sure of that. But they couldn't quite agree on

did not go well financially, so present to the month. I recollect a story ly she became a "walking lady," final I mother used to tell about but I'll just ly a soubrette. This was only to last, | go an' look up Hi's age in the Bible." The air of the "best parlor," which however, until Jim made what the he entered, was a bit close. The sun dramatic critics describe as a "favora" never was allowed to shine in this room more than once a twelvemonthit might fade the carpet. On a marble topped table, resting on a worsted mat, was the family Bible. The last time Farmer Gray had locked into this book he'd registered the buptism of his baby daughter, Madge. For his daily readings he used a little New Testa-

As he undid the heavy clasps of the big Bible the pages opened themselves at a place where there was some pressed yellow sweet clover. The mere sight of it somehow recalled faroff memories. It recalled a certain summer day so long; ago. It was on his honeymoon, and his young wife had just plucked these sprays of yellow clover, "Think you can love me as asked archly. How pretty she had looked, laughing up into his face! How precious she had been to him! After ten years of happy married life their long wished for child had come. When the young mother died he had clung to the baby daughter with double tenderness. He simply worshiped her growing girlhood. But she had run away from him and with an actor, and he had forbidden her ever to cross his doorsill again.

The old farmer scarcely knew what he was about, his head swam so. Doubtless it was that strong, sweet odor of the clover. Somehow it seemed to him to be suddenly flooding the whole room, filling his stubborn heart with something very like pardon and

Madge dragged wearily down Broadway in a dazed sort of fashion after she had left the unctuous little mantheater she found herself walking into a small group of boys. They were jeering a man who stood close to the theful. But Madge moved mechanically toward the street curb in order to pass She did not observe him.

"Wants to know where you go to find out where the play actors live did you ever?" sarcastically jeered one of the urchins. "I say, Reuben, hadn't you better 'tend to the hay crop?"

"Wot he wants t' do is ter go on de stage hisself an' find out," suggested another urchin. A "cop" came up the street at this moment, and the old man who had been affording the boys amusement took a few steps toward him. In doing so his eyes fell upon the slight, girlish figure who had just succeeded in passing the group of urchins. "Madge! Madge!" he gasped.

"Father!" Regardless of everything, like a very little child she threw herself into his outstretched arms.

"'Twas the yellow sweet clover done it, darlin'." said he, a bit mysteriously, while be patted her cheeks as of old.

Tame Grouse Strutting.

Toward the end of September my ruffed grouse began strutting, a performance similar to that of the turkey gobbler. The tail is spread, the black ruff thrown out around the head, and the wings are dragged on the ground, the object being to show all their new feathers. As with turkeys, the young hens strut as well as the cocks. In strutting the birds indulge in a deal of bowing, tapping the ground or log with the bill, and while shaking the head from side to side give vent to hissing sounds, slow at first and increasing in rapidity and culminating in a prolonged hiss - "chuu - chuu - chuu-chuuchuu - chuu - chuu - chuu-chuu-chuuchuuuuuuuuu" (hiss the syllables without vocaliting). The sounds are made in the same tempo as the drumming and remind one somewhat of an automobile starting up. A cock may be thus engaged for hours together, parading his charms before a demure little hen, while she persists in looking up at the sky or in nipping at a bud, with not so much as a casual glance out of the corner of her eye-the most remarkable example of true masculine patience and perseverance and of feminine heartlessness as well.-Country Life In America.

The Most Degraded The California Indians who used to inhabit the Santa Barbara islands are described by the missionaries as the most degraded of all human beings, with a morality lower than that of animals. Insects, especially grasshoppers, formed a portion of their food, and, like the natives of the adjacent mainland, they probably fed to a great extent on the larger kinds of earthworms. Possibly they belonged to the Shoshonean stock of the mainland. Their extermination is attributed to the changed conditions of existence imposed upon them by the missionaries.

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Dated May 17, 1996.

MARTIN J. SYNNOFT,

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, the executor of Charles H. Haynes, deceased, will be audited and stated to the Surrogate and reported for settlement bythe Orphans Court of the County of Essex, on Saturday, the ninth day of Junc cext, Dated April 27, 1906.

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Pursuant to the order of George E. Russell, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executrix of said deceased, notice is hereby-given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or necovering the same against the subscriber. STONE YARD OR GLENWOOD AVE. BTIMATES FURRISHED ON APPLICATION

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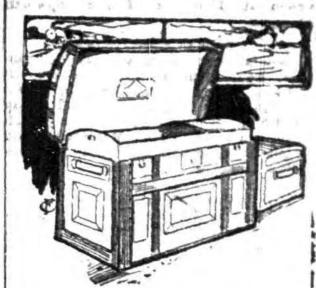
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